The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 6.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LINE 57
GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS 57
THE STILL HOUR 61
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 62
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—
AWAKENING THE FAITH OF A CHILD 64
NATURAL HISTORY:—
THE STORY OF "BEAUTY"—OUR TAME ORIOLE . 64
CHILDREN'S CLASSICS:—
THE SNOW IMAGE: A CHILDISH MIRACLE . . . 65
ADVICE FOR EVERY AMERICAN SOLDIER 68
A DOG'S SYMPATHY 69
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN 70
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE 72
IMPORTANT NOTICES 72

THE MASSACHUSETTS LINE.

REV. ROBERT LOWELL.

Still first, as long and long ago,
Let Massachusetts muster:
Give her the post right next the foe;
Be sure that you may trust her.
She was the first to give her blood
For freedom and for honor;
She trod her soil to crimson mud:
God's blessing be upon her!

She never faltered for the right,
Nor ever will hereafter:
Fling up her name with all your might;
Shake roof-tree and shake rafter.
But of old deeds she need not brag,
How she broke sword and fetter:
Fling out again the old striped flag!
She'll do yet more and better.

In peace her sails fleck all the seas,
Her mills shake every river;
And where are scenes so fair as these
God and her true hands give her?
Her claim in war who seek to rob;
All others come in later:
Hers first it is to front the mob,
The tyrant, and the traitor.

God bless, God bless the glorious State!
Let her have way to battle!
She'll go where batteries crash with fate,
Or where thick rifles rattle.
Give her the right, and let her try;
And then who can may pass her:
She'll go straight on or she will die.
God bless her, and God bless her!

DUANESBURGH, May 7, 1861.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

By James Freeman Clarke.

The soul of a state does not consist in the number of its population, nor its wealth per man, nor its climate, and soil, and manufactures; all this belongs to its body. The soul of a state is in its Ideas; and when we say, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," we mean, "God protect and preserve the Ideas of Massachusetts." The state is destroyed, not when its wealth melts away, but when its ideas are corrupted. Massachusetts has been poor in wealth once and again, but it has never been poor in ideas: so its soul has not faded or died.

The soul of a state is in its ideas. What are the ideas of Massachusetts?

First, look at its Ideas concerning Industry.

In Massachusetts, work has always been honorable, idleness always a disgrace. A man with nothing to do does not feel himself at home among us. He feels, like a truant school-boy, very lonely. It is not very amusing, nor very respectable, here, to be idle. Our greatest men are those who work the hardest—work with hand, work with brain, with cunning faculty, with accomplished powers. Our aristocrats are not those who loll on sofas or drive fast horses; but merchants, whose vessels whiten every sea; lawyers, who carry on a case as if it were a great battle; physicians, who take no rest, night or day, till the disease has been beaten back from their patients' door. In some countries, it is not so. In the slave states, it has always been held vulgar to

labor; and so their native energy has been sicklied over with this disease of sloth. In France, before the Revolution, government was a contrivance by which millions of laborers could be compelled to support in idle amusements the thousands who considered themselves gentlemen. But in Massachusetts we work because we believe in work, not because we are obliged to. It is one of our Ideas.

What we are individually, that we are collectively. Go out on any of our railroads, get out at a station, take a carriage, and drive in any direction. You will find poor, sterile fields, covered with stones, apparently incapable of supporting any population. Presently you come to a town in which all the houses are comfortable, all in repair, all neat. You ask, "Where do these people get the means of living?" A man points to a noisy brook running through a hollow. They have shut it in, set it to work, and they are making cotton-gins for the southern planters; they are making sewing-machines to send to Illinois; or saddles, or railroad cars, or shovels for California miners; or they get out ice from their pond to ship to Calcutta; or they braid straw; or make gimlets, artificial teeth, chocolate, or refrigerators.

Thus another of the Ideas of Massachusetts is that labor shall never be drudgery, but always Art. Into all work she puts thought. That is why our little state, containing only seven thousand eight hundred square miles, the smallest but three of the thirty-eight in area, is the seventh in population. As labor is elevated, the land can support always a larger number to the square mile. A few thousand Indians, who live by hunting, require a territory as large as Texas, with its two hundred and seventy-four thousand square miles, to roam over. The Indians of the north-west are much displeased with our Pacific Railroad running across the plains, because the engines scare the buffaloes. They tell us "if we want peace, we can have it by taking away the railroad." A grazing community needs more land than a farming community. In some of the towns in Hampshire County, they told me the population had fallen off, because the farmers had ceased cultivating their land, and were raising cattle for the market. Add manufactures to farming; diversify manufactures, as is done in Massachusetts; let commerce come in also,—and no one can tell the maximum of population which a state can support. In population to the square mile, Massachusetts stands at the head of the thirty-eight states, having one hundred and fifty-seven. But if you were to drive along the road from one end of the state to another, you would think three-fourths of it yet a desert. Massachusetts can and will support one thousand or ten thousand to the square mile more easily than she now supports one hundred and fifty-seven. For she supports the present number of one hundred and fifty-seven far more easily than she formerly maintained fifty, ten, or five. So much for Malthus and his theory of the danger of an increased population.

The State Prison this year, for the first time, will cease to cost the state anything. It more than supports itself—a thing unheard of in the history of prisons. The five hundred convicts, instead of hammering stone or picking hemp, are all taught to be skilful workmen. The prison shops produce bronzes which took prizes in the Paris Exposition, and mouldings of the finest quality. Though the convicts receive nothing for their labor, they are as proud of their skill as if they were to receive one of the medals of the Legion of Honor. When labor is drudgery, it tires; as it rises into the region of art, it brings perpetual joy with it. Educate and elevate labor by an infusion of thought, and you make the laborer happy and contented. The man who has learned to manage a steam-hammer of twenty tons so as either to cut in two a log of iron or to put a point to a nail, may only receive his two or three dollars a day; but he is happy in the exercise of an accomplishment.

Therefore it is that one of the Ideas of Massachusetts, from the first, has been to educate the whole community. In our public schools, common to all and free to all, supported by the voluntary tax of each town, all the children of the state are educated. The system established by our Board of Education works so well that we know every year the number of children out of the whole population in the schools of each town in the state, with all the other facts concerning it.

Another of the Ideas of Massachusetts is Humanity. The state cares for all its children, and feels bound to look after them all. Its maxim is that of its Master: "Those who are whole need not a physician; but those who are sick." To be sure, we only approximate to that idea as yet. But we have the idea. This state calls no man common or unclean. It says to no one, "You are good for nothing; you are worthless." These phrases, "worthless," "good for nothing," are not found in the Massachusetts dictionary any more than in the vocabulary of Jesus Christ. The blind, the insane, the idiots, the deaf and dumb, the thieves, the

drunkards,—and if there be anything worse or lower than these,—these are not good for nothing, but good for something; and the old state, our good mother, takes pains to give sight to her blind in her asylums, and hearing and speech to her deaf and dumb; to illuminate the torpid mind of the idiot; to cool the heated brain of the insane; to teach those who have never learned self-control how to govern their passions. And never was this—I will not say paternal government, but rather this maternal—government carried farther than in the administration of our last governor, John A. Andrew; who, amid the immense labors and anxieties of the civil war, never forgot to visit annually the prisons, the schools, the hospitals, and to open his great heart and mind to the humblest appeals from the lowest citizen.

The state has established a Board of Charities, which publishes a volume every year. This volume is a record of the motherly tenderness of the state toward her poor, suffering children. It shows that she feels, not a cold, hard sense of the duty of doing something for the poor, the sick, the neglected, but an interest in them, as those who need most thought and love. This book treats of the care bestowed by the state on alien passengers arriving by sea; on the lunatics in her three asylums; on the sick in her hospitals; on the poor in her almshouses; on the blind in her blind asylum; on deserted children; on the prisoners at Charlestown; on the Reform Schools for children at Westborough and Lancaster, and the school ships; on the deaf and dumb; on the Washingtonian Home; on the Discharged Soldier's Home; and the Home for Reformed Women at Dedham and Springfield. The state holds in her beneficent arms all these her poor, sad, suffering children, and appoints her wisest and best men and women to look after them and care for them.

In England, lately, a London paper, the Lancet, has exposed the dreadful condition of neglect into which some of the workhouses had fallen. The peculiarity of the case was, that the machinery seemed perfect. There were regular superintendents, whose duty it was to watch and see that it was all right; inspectors to watch *them;* a board of directors to see that the inspectors did their duty, and a general supervising board to watch the whole. Notwithstanding all this, no one watched anything. But when a London paper sent down its reporter, he discovered, in a few hours, and disclosed to the nation, abuses which had escaped the observation of all these officials. Why was this? The machinery was there; but the soul was not there. The idea of Massachusetts, that these are the poor, helpless children, to whom the mother is bound to give her chief thought and love—this was not there. That was the reason. No one watched for them, because no one cared for them.

From all these roots Massachusetts derives her Political Ideas. She is a democracy, through and through. She believes in human rights as such; in man as man. Her democracy does not consist in flattering the prejudices of the poor on election day, but in seeing that the children of the poor shall all be educated; that the suffering among the poor shall all be cared for, and that every one of her three hundred and thirty-three towns shall give to every man in its borders equal rights, and an equal chance with every other man. In this nation there were two wholly hostile systems of politics: that of Massachusetts and that of South Carolina. The one was represented by John Quincy Adams, the other by John Caldwell Calhoun. These ideas came into conflict, as ideas, at Washington, on the floor of Congress; and then with a million soldiers on the bloody battle-fields of the Rebellion. Massachusetts Ideas conquered on both fields. In 1837, John Quincy Adams rose, on the floor of Congress, and said, "*I hold in my hand a petition purporting to be from slaves in Virginia,*" and could not finish his explanation for three days, on account of the tumult of rage and violence which those words excited. It was proposed to expel him; to suspend him; to compel him to make an apology; to rebuke him by the Speaker; to pass a vote of censure. At the end of three days the storm subsided, for it was found difficult to censure or expel a man for saying that *he held in his hand a petition, purporting to be from slaves.* Then his time came, and he answered every person who had spoken during those three days, showing their ignorance of the constitution, of history, of law, of logic. It was like a schoolmaster administering correction to some twenty noisy children. One by one, each man who had attacked him was exposed. But perhaps the climax was reached, when, commenting on the suggestion of a member from South Carolina that he might be punished by a jury for words spoken in debate, he said, "If such be the law of South Carolina, I thank God that I am not a citizen of South Carolina!" On that day Northern ideas defeated those of the South in the first of the series of victories which ended on the field of Gettysburg, in the march

of Sherman, the fall of Charleston, the occupation of Richmond by colored regiments, and the surrender of Lee to Grant. And these victories will not cease until the colored people at the North and South are all admitted to equal rights. There is a little eddy just now, which seems to set backward; but the great current of impartial justice rolls on, and will roll on—"*in omne volubilis ævum.*"

Massachusetts has also her Religious Ideas, which are the most central and vital of all. These ideas of God, duty, immortality,—of Christ and his kingdom on earth,—founded the state, and have kept it. The religion of Massachusetts, differing in doctrines, has always involved two principles,—the freedom and independence of each church, and the application of religion to human life. Our Pilgrim Fathers came here that they might be free from the constraint of bishops, and that they might apply Christianity to building up a Christian commonwealth. The religion of Massachusetts has, from the beginning, been a liberal religion and a practical religion. Any infidelity to either principle arose from some seeming conflict with its opposite. If they were intolerant to Baptists and Quakers, it was because Baptists and Quakers interfered with their work of making a Christian Commonwealth. They wanted them out of their way—that was all. As soon as Roger Williams went to Rhode Island, they let him alone. Whenever Massachusetts has been intolerant in her religion, it was because she wished to be practical in her religion. Wherever she has become vague, abstract, metaphysical, and impractical in her religion, it was from following too far the other impulse towards intellectual freedom. This is certain, that Massachusetts religion is as distinct as Massachusetts politics. It may call itself Orthodox or Unitarian, Methodist or Episcopal; but Massachusetts Orthodoxy is not like Orthodoxy elsewhere: it is more free and more practical. Massachusetts Unitarianism is not like Polish or English Unitarianism. Our Christianity here in Massachusetts is, in its spirit, the natural outgrowth of our ideas, and so has a unity of its own amid all its diversity. Its spirit is freedom, its method is practice. Practice brings it back from any aberrations which excess of freedom may engender. Freedom corrects any shallowness arising from a too narrow view of expediency.

Such are our Massachusetts ideas. These are the soul of our state. States only die when their soul dies. As long as their soul remains, defeat is not destruction; death is not the end. They rise again, as Greece rose after the Persian armies had swept over it, as Rome arose after the Gauls and Carthaginians had vanquished it. Greece and Rome lived by their ideas. Inspired by art, beauty, law, they grew, and filled the earth with their renown. It is not a great body, but a great soul which makes the state. Greece, a mere spot on the map of the world, lives an immortal life in her ideas, though her bodily existence as a state has been gone for two thousand years. China, with her three hundred millions, her enormous territory, and her tenacity of outward existence, is like an embalmed corpse—"clay, not dead but soulless." China seems dead while she lives. Greece lives, though dead; and the long torpid body is also awakening to new life on the mountains of Crete, in heroes worthy of their sires.

How, then, are states saved? Jesus answers, when he says to his disciples, "Ye are the salt." Men in whom the ideas of the state are incarnate, these renew its decaying life. God has saved the Commonwealth by the long line of illustrious men in whom its ideas have burned deepest, making them a shining light and a warning fire. The Pilgrim Fathers, whose enthusiasm lay so deep beneath their Puritanic manners—the most ideal men of their age, though seeming the most prosaic, because their thoughts ran farthest into the future,—Winthrop, Winslow, Standish, John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians; Sir Harry Vane, from whose republican integrity Oliver Cromwell longed to be delivered; Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, proto-martyrs to the principles of religious freedom; the men of the Revolution, Samuel Adams, Hancock, Jonathan Mayhew, the Quincys and the Adamses, Beecher, Channing, Theodore Parker, Horace Mann; the generous souls who have died in this last war for the state; and not the least in this long line of illustrious men, our own brother and friend, John Andrew. These are our salt; and by such men, and such lives, God has saved, and will save, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In the story of Abraham and Sodom, we read the saving power of a few good men in a state. Ten good men could have saved Sodom. But such men must be really good men; men in whom the principle is so strong that it moulds all their life to itself; men who live for their principle. Such men are like candles, throwing their beams far out into the stormy night, and guiding the wanderer home. They are the city set on a hill, which cannot be hid. On this day of Thanksgiving, therefore, while thanking God for all

his other gifts, let us thank him most of all for good men—men loving justice, truth, freedom, Christianity, more than comfort or peace; men ready to live and die for an idea; enthusiasts for goodness and right. These are the men who make a state strong and permanent.

Good men save the state; but they can only save it when all other men are capable of being moved and led by their shining examples. A time comes, in the downfall and corruption of communities, when good men only struggle ineffectually against the tendencies of ruin. Hannibal could not save Carthage. Marcus Antonius could not save the Roman Empire. Demosthenes could not save Greece, and Jesus Christ himself could not save Jerusalem from decay and destruction. Nations can go too far to be saved. The great hope of this land is in the fact that the mass of the people mean right, and, unless misled by demagogues, will do right. But, for this hope to be realized, all Christians and all patriots must work together. The great danger to-day is not from the President. Salvation to-day is not to be expected from the next President. President Johnson has ceased to be powerful enough to hurt us. Our danger is that the people, tired with the sacrifices demanded by the war, will leave public affairs to mere politicians, and devote themselves to their private interests. The nation has three great duties to perform, which it cannot delegate to parties or party leaders. It is bound to see that the colored people, whom it has emancipated, have a fair start and full protection in all their rights. This can only be done by securing to them education and the ballot. It is bound to see that the Union is restored; and this can only be done by a generous but wise treatment of the Southern States. They must be led into the Union by their hopes; they cannot be driven into it by their fears. Open to them a new career, a new prospect of prosperity; encourage all southern industry, and so change their hearts. The third duty of the nation is to pay its debt, and this cannot be done until we resume specie payments. We cannot resume specie payments till the circulation is reduced. Merchants and business men must learn to look forward to a fall of prices in everything, and be prepared for it. And the mass of the people must keep up the tone they had during the war—a tone of patriotic readiness to make sacrifices, and to give freely of time, thought, and means to the interest of the country.

Thank God for all. And when our sister states in the South and West, who sit on the vast corn-bearing prairies of the Mississippi, or by the blue Pacific, shall say, "Sister Massachusetts, why do you claim to lead the nation? You are old; we are young. You have only a little piece of barren land; we have mighty acres. You have neither gold, nor iron, nor coal, nor wheat, nor cotton, nor sugar. Your people, compared with ours, are few, your cities small,"—Massachusetts may reply, "Sisters, if I lead, it is because you choose to follow where I go. If I stamp my character on the nation, it is because of the truth of the ideas in which I believe. It is not the body of Massachusetts, but the soul of Massachusetts, which you follow. Follow me only so long as I follow truth, freedom, justice, impartial right, human progress, and the guiding providence of God." And then shall all the sister states, with consenting voice, cry out together, "GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS!"

THE STILL HOUR.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

When peace is not in us, we may do good with our hand, and that is something, that is better than nothing. But, when we have God's peace in our heart, then we help and comfort others with the comfort by which we ourselves are comforted by God.

Then faith, hope, and love will abide,—faith leading to sight, hope urging to progress, and love enabling us to work with Christ for the redemption of the race.

Be patient with every one, but above all with yourself. I mean, do not be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall.—*Francis de Sales.*

I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins: return unto me; for I have redeemed thee.—*Isaiah* xliv. 22.

It was not the prodigal who was the real man. The real man was the penitent, not the prodigal. He was never himself until his heart was breaking, and the memories of home came welling over him—till he cried, "I will arise and go to my father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned."—*G. H. Morrison.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Brighton Branch offers the following magazines. Address Miss C. L. Murdock, 320 Allston Street, Coolidge Corner, Mass. *The National Geographic*, 1917; *Good Housekeeping*, 1916; *The Inland Architect and News Record*, 1907; *Popular Mechanics*, 1914, four missing; *Harper's Magazine*, 1916, nine months; *Scribner's Magazine*, 1916, nine months; *Mechanical World*, 1914, six months, May to October; *Belgium, Hero and Martyr*, one magazine; *The American*, 1917; *Woman's Home Companion*, 1915; *Woman's Home Companion*, 1916, one missing; *American Architectural*, 1909; *Good Housekeeping*, 1915; *St. Nicholas*, odd numbers; *The Red Cross*, 1917.

REQUESTS.

1. I want to thank all who have sent me reading matter. I have enjoyed it so much. I am still an invalid. My only son is drafted for the army and I am very lonesome and sad. I should be glad to receive any good reading matter, especially *Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, The Popular Magazine*, or *Good Housekeeping*. I should be so grateful for scraps for patchwork, and the books "Jean of the Lazy A," or "Michael O'Halloran." Address Mrs. Eliza A. Carleton, Boomer, North Carolina.

2. I am a lonely woman; I have neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, and my husband is seventy-three years old and failing in health. I live in a thinly settled neighborhood. I have received a few magazines and thank you for them. I do get so lonely. I should appreciate a few pieces for my quilts, or any reading matter. My mother died in July and I miss her so much. Address Mrs. Pollie Sigmon, Elamsville, Virginia.

3. I wrote you last December, asking for a book of Synonyms and Antonyms, in the hope that you might be able to secure a copy through the Book and Magazine Club. Would it be asking too much if I make the request again? It may be that this time you will be successful in getting a copy, for which I assure you of my deep gratitude. (Rev.) Alan Pressley Nilson, Mount Alto, Pennsylvania.

4. I should like to get some good magazines for my boys, Ernest, aged eleven, and Tommie, aged five. Ernest is in the seventh grade, but Tommie can't go to school this winter, and the days are going to be long and lonely for him after the days get stormy and bad and Ernest is away at school. Just some picture books for him so that Ernest can help him read them by telling him stories of what the pictures mean; then he can amuse himself with them. Ernest likes stories of adventure, and *The American Boy*, and *Youth's Companion*. He loves to read, and it is so hard to get good reading for him here. His Sunday-school superintendent is H. Hite. The minister is Rev. C. H. Riedesel. We shall appreciate anything to read and there are others we can and will gladly pass it on to. *The Cheerful Letter* is a friend of my girlhood days, so I am asking for its help for my boys. Address Mrs. H. L. McKitrick, Kimama, Idaho.

5. Will some one please send me some magazines that I could get paper dolls from for some children? I should also be glad of any of the popular novels, such as "Eyes of the World" and any of O. Henry's works. These last would be very acceptable. Also "Cherry," by Booth Tarkington; "The Blazed Trail," by White; "Told after Supper," by Jerome; and "The Outside of the Cup," by Churchill. Address Helen Lyon, Whitakers, North Carolina.

6. I am a little girl aged nine, and I have two little sisters aged six and three. I should be glad to get some reading and cards and I will pass them on. My papa has only one hand. I should be glad to correspond with any one about my own age. Address Clemmie Richardson, Oakboro, North Carolina.

7. "Turn of the Road" is asked for by Lucy H. Davies, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

8. Will some one please send me the following books: "Life of Christ," "Second Coming of Christ," "Ben Hur," and a family Bible? I am the mother of one baby boy ten months old, and stepmother to three little girls from four to eight years old. We all have to work very hard, as we are renters on the farm. I should also like scraps for patchwork, and any kind of papers or magazines. The children also would like story books. I am a member of the Methodist church. For reference write to Rev. W. J. Craddock of Elamsville, Virginia. I should be glad to correspond with any of the members of the Cheerful Letter Club. Address Mrs. Walter J. Foley, Elamsville, Virginia.

9. Permit me to use this opportunity to thank the readers of the *Letter* for their kindness in sending me so much good reading matter, both for myself and the young people about me. I have made excellent use of everything sent me. It may be that the readers would like to know how I use these periodicals and pamphlets. I make it my business to read them very carefully, first, and on Sunday morning or evening review those articles most helpful to me and likely to be to others. For example, there is an article in a recent number of *Leslie's* on "coal oil." The article is worth anybody's reading, and I have therefore recommended it to my people, old as well as young. Quite recently some one sent me "Queed," which I have reviewed, and the book is now in the hands of parties in the church. I follow the same plan with all periodicals and books that come to me before placing them at the disposal of my congregation. This is the reason why I am so anxious to have good periodicals and books, religious as well as secular.

May I say that the *Ladies' Home Journal* could be used, the *Christian Herald*, and the *Literary Digest?* Some one has been sending me *The Outlook* for our reading table and has now written me she will discontinue her subscription after October first. I should like to correspond with some one who would like to send that weekly after he or she has used it. "Ten Times One is Ten" has had a very wide circulation since I have received it, and the people have caught the moral, too. "Everyday Religion," "Christianity and Humanity," and the "Life of Theodore Parker," all recently sent me, have been in great demand. (Rev.) Irving K. Merchant, 625 East Vine Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee.

10. I should appreciate any reading for myself or little girl seven years old. I also should like to have a correspondent. Address Mrs. S. L. Stone, Ridgeway, Virginia.

11. It has been some time since I wrote to the Exchange, so now I will thank all who have sent me reading matter. I come now to ask for reading for Mrs. F. A. Austin, Marshville, R. F. D. 4, North Carolina. She has four little children, nine, seven, and three years, and baby eight months old. She is not very strong and is kept indoors most of the winter, and would appreciate books for the children or anything suitable for her or her husband; also scraps for patchwork. And will some one please send her *The Cheerful Letter?* (Mrs.) Covie C. Nance, Polkton, R. F. D. 3, Box 6, North Carolina.

12. Mr. Charles W. Lockenour, Pekin, Indiana, asks for metaphysical books, pamphlets, or periodicals.

13. As I am a very poor woman with four little children, the oldest seven years old, who wants to go to school, I should like any primary books that you might send him. My husband is afflicted, and my means are not plentiful enough to buy books, so I should like any reading matter or books you may send me. For reference I give Rev. J. W. Gibson, Athens, Texas. I should be glad to correspond with some of the Cheerful Letter friends. Address Mrs. Evie A. Bell, Athens, Texas, care of J. W. Simmons, R. 1, Box 40.

14. Can you get any of your folks to send us good, authoritative books on sculpture, ceramics, painting, wood-carving, architecture, and music? Address Gustave H. Zastrow, Tallahassee, Florida.

15. I have received some reading matter and patchwork pieces, for which I desire to return thanks. Any kindness during this fall and winter will be appreciated. I should be glad if some friend would send me "Faithful Shirley," by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon; also "The Treasure of Heaven," by Marie Corelli. Address Mrs. Sarah A. Pedigo, Vinton, Virginia.

16. *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1917, is asked for by Mrs. F. S. Beard, Phenix, Virginia, Box 25.

17. I should appreciate any good reading for myself and two brothers; also some scraps of any kind for my quilts. Reference, Rev. W. A. Elgin, Elamsville, Virginia. Address Miss Pearl Bramner, Elamsville, Virginia.

18. Miss Fannie L. Trevey, Naola, Virginia, will be glad of good stories.

19. Miss Sue Campbell, 206 Lake Street, Pulaski, Virginia, asks for magazines or stories.

20. Mrs. Vivien V. Cooley, Friendship, New York, R. D. 3, Box 75, will be grateful for a copy of Eugene Field's Poems.

21. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" is asked for by Emma Hartsell, Oakboro, North Carolina.

22. Please remember me on the 30th of October when I shall be sixty-seven years old. My health is very poor, and oh, how I have suffered; can't breathe well yet without pain. I have had to work harder this year than ever before, and to plant, try to save, and all the work to do has been too hard on one in my poor health and little strength. Will you not please bring as much sunshine into my life as you can on the 30th to make the day a glad one for me so as to keep from thinking of the hard times for us this cold winter for one day if possible. Books and letters and cards are all nice to get, and I am always very thankful to be remembered in any way. Address Mrs. Paul B. Rucker, Amherst, Virginia.

23. Rev. Wm. A. Alleyn, Gary, Indiana, writes he has taken a young boy to board and educate, in part, and would be grateful to have some one send him *The American Boy* and *The Youth's Companion.*

24. Mildred Martin, Stella, Virginia, writes: "I am a little girl eleven years of age. My father is dead and I have two little brothers and one sister; their ages are eight, five, and three years. We would be glad of school-books or any suitable reading. I would also like to receive scraps for patchwork."

25. *Dear Santa Claus:* I am a little girl nine years old. My father is dead and there is a large family of us. Mamma says everything is so high-priced that she is afraid you will forget us this Christmas. Please send my little brother and sister something. Cora Turner, care of Mrs. A. J. Turner, Woolwine, Virginia.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

AWAKENING THE FAITH OF A CHILD.

One of the hardest things for parents to realize is that their children are not born with a stock of religious ideas. They seem to be expected to arrive, "trailing clouds of glory as they come."

What the babies bring is not answers to the infinite mysteries, but questions about them. Here are some of the questions actually asked by two four-year-olds: "Who made the very first birds?" "Who keeps the Connecticut river from running dry?" "Who made God?" "Was God already made?" "What does God eat?" "Did Robinson Crusoe live before God?" "Is there any Mrs. God?"

Little children believe about God whatever we tell them, because they always believe what they are told. They show a tendency to lump together whatever is said to them about all beings that they have never seen. So sometimes they do not note any particular difference between God and Santa Claus and the Sand Man and the Black Man.

We simply cannot appreciate the religious limitations of a little child. It cannot be emphasized too often that a young child is neither moral nor immoral. He is unmoral.

So we are usually wrong when we interpret any act of a child by our own standards. When we see him looking in the mirror we say he is vain, but really he is simply trying to get a clear idea of his own identity. He is accused of lying when he is simply confused between his dreams and daydreams and his actual experiences. When he speaks out directly without thought of others we call him rude, but he is only trying to get his ideas to other people's attention. Being accustomed to the common use of articles in the home, some day he takes something accessible that was not intended for such use, and we accuse him of stealing, wholly to his surprise.

The moral seems to be that whatever we tell a little child about God and duty should be both joyous and definite. Emily Dickinson's request for a conception of Deity that should be "less like bears" was a reasonable one. Childhood challenges us to produce our joys, if it is to love good things. A mother whose own attitude toward God is that of a happy child and whose requests of her own child are simple, reasonable and as far as possible playful is bound to have "a good child" some day.

For the faith of a little child is not something to be built, like a chimney, it is rather something to be awakened, like the princess in the fairy-tale, with a kiss.—*Wm. Byron Forbush, Ph.D.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE STORY OF "BEAUTY"—OUR TAME ORIOLE.

One morning late in June my little sister, while playing in the school-yard, saw a baby Oriole fall from a tree. She picked it up and placed it in some bushes where she hoped it might be safe. As soon as school was out she found it and brought it

nome, just a little fluffy ball of tan and ight yellow, with two rows of white feathers ike dandelion down along the sides of its ead. One of its feet had been injured, or the toes were very much inflamed and ne nail was missing.

Mother had read, "First Aid to Birds" in he *Youth's Companion*, and she thought he would like to try helping the little one. Ve made a mush of egg-yolk and boiled otato, and, placing the bird in a berry asket lined with grass, we fed it from the nd of a pointed orange-spoon. Drops of ater were given in the same manner and n occasional bit of berry or worm. For he first few feedings it was necessary to orce open the bill by a slight pressure at the ides but soon merely the touch of the spoon as the signal for opening the mouth at nce.

In a couple of days Beauty began to hop o the edge of the basket, then off the basket o the floor, and from the floor attempted o fly to the chair-rounds. At first our bird ould only reach the very low ones, but ach day it reached a higher one and soon ould fly anywhere about the room. When rst learning to do this, it would back off bout a foot and then give a sort of leap. f it failed it would back off a little farther nd would finally gain the round.

When very young it kept up an almost ncessant calling, but as it developed this hanged to an occasional low, soft call or quick trill or chatter in answer to our call r whistle.

The tail and wings developed rapidly nd by the end of two weeks Beauty was lmost an exact reproduction of Mother riole. The feathers under the wings and long the sides of the breast seemed to be- ome a deeper yellow each day.

We soon placed Beauty in a cage with a hallow dish of water and also one of food, nd before long the little bird was beginning o drink and pick up things for itself though t still liked to be fed. One day we found t soaking wet. It had been down in the ater-dish for a bath. Some of these warm lays Beauty washes several times and has ecome so tame as not to seem afraid of nyone. Before being able to fly, Beauty ould hop after mother's skirts, and as oon as strong enough to use the wings, ould fly after us everywhere, lighting on ur heads, shoulders, or hands, coming to he table at mealtime, and taking a helping f anything if allowed to alight on the dish, he remains of cereal, butter, cocoa, berries, tc.

After our bird had lived with us for about three weeks we hung its cage from an upper window near an elm tree. How it loved that elm tree! It spent most of the time in it, coming back to the cage quite often for food. If the window was open it would come in for a time and then fly out again. Once in a while it flew to trees farther off but always came back when we whistled or called.

Our pet found the water on a bird-shelf about fifty feet away and loved to bathe there, though still drinking in the cage. Beauty constantly surprised us when we were out in the yard by lighting on us when we least expected it, or coming down in the flowers we were gathering, to look for little insects among them.

At night we coaxed this baby Oriole to the cage with sugar, which it would always come for, and then we closed the door for safety's sake. Early in the morning Beauty called to have the door opened and seemed so glad to get out to the tree and the bugs again!

Just now our bird is sitting on the table eating peanuts which little sister is crushing for it. Beauty loves to have a taste of everything—meat, potatoes, vegetables or ice-cream—and begs for a share of them all and is so very wise and cunning, with head on one side waiting for something more.

We cannot begin to describe how cunning our pet is, and we are all so fond of this little bird foundling! We wonder if it will fly south with the Orioles in the fall and if it will come back to us next year. We should know it by the crippled foot, and how we hope Beauty will come back to us again!—*Ruth H. Scott (age twelve years), in Bird-Lore.*

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE SNOW IMAGE:

A CHILDISH MIRACLE.

One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness, after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and play in the new-fallen snow. The elder child was a little girl, whom, because she was of a tender and modest disposition, and was thought to be very beautiful, her parents, and other people who were familiar with her, used to call Violet. But her brother was known by the style and title of Peony, on account of the ruddiness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers. The father of these two children, a certain Mr. Lindsey, it is important to say,

was an excellent but exceedingly matter-of-fact sort of man, a dealer in hardware, and was sturdily accustomed to take what is called the common-sense view of all matters that came under his consideration. With a heart about as tender as other people's, he had a head as hard and impenetrable, and therefore, perhaps, as empty, as one of the iron pots which it was a part of his business to sell. The mother's character, on the other hand, had a strain of poetry in it, a trait of unworldly beauty,—a delicate and dewy flower, as it were, that had survived out of her imaginative youth, and still kept itself alive amid the dusty realities of matrimony and motherhood.

So, Violet and Peony, as I began with saying, besought their mother to let them run out and play in the new snow; for, though it had looked so dreary and dismal, drifting downward out of the gray sky, it had a very cheerful aspect, now that the sun was shining on it. The children dwelt in a city, and had no wider play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear-tree and two or three plum-trees overshadowing it, and some rose-bushes just in front of the parlor windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow, which thus made a kind of wintry foliage, with here and there a pendent icicle for the fruit.

"Yes, Violet,—yes, my little Peony," said their kind mother; "you may go out and play in the new snow."

Accordingly, the good lady bundled up her darlings in woollen jackets and wadded sacks, and put comforters round their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and worsted mittens on their hands, and gave them a kiss apiece, by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth sallied the two children, with a hop-skip-and-jump, that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snow-drift, whence Violet emerged like a snow-bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them, frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose but to provide a new plaything for Violet and Peony; and that they themselves had been created, as the snow-birds were, to take delight only in the tempest, and in the white mantles which it spread over the earth.

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet, after laughing heartily at little Peony's figure, was struck with a new idea.

"You look exactly like a snow-image, Peony," said she, "if your cheeks were not so red. And that puts me in mind! Let us make an image out of snow,—an image of a little girl,—and it shall be our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won't it be nice?"

"O, yes!" cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy. "That will be nice! And mamma shall see it!"

"Yes," answered Violet, "mamma shall see the new little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor; for, you know, our little snow-sister will not love the warmth."

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow-image that should run about; while their mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow. And, to say the truth, if miracles are ever to be wrought, it will be by putting our hands to the work in precisely such a simple and undoubting frame of mind as that in which Violet and Peony now undertook to perform one, without so much as knowing that it was a miracle. So thought the mother; and thought, likewise, that the new snow, just fallen from heaven, would be excellent material to make new beings of, if it were not so very cold. She gazed at the children a moment longer, delighting to watch their little figures,—the girl, tall for her age, graceful and agile, and so delicately colored that she looked like a cheerful thought, more than a physical reality,—while Peony expanded in breadth rather than height, and rolled along on his short and sturdy legs, as substantial as an elephant, though not quite so big. Then the mother resumed her work. What it was I forget; but she was either trimming a silken bonnet for Violet, or darning a pair of stockings for little Peony's short legs. Again, however, and again, and yet other agains, she could not help turning her head to the window, to see how the children got on with their snow-image.

Indeed, it was an exceedingly pleasant sight, those bright little souls at their task! Moreover, it was really wonderful to observe how knowingly and skilfully they managed the matter. Violet assumed the chief direction, and told Peony what to do, while, with her own delicate fingers, she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow-figure. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children, as to grow up under their hands, while they

were playing and prattling about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this; and the longer she looked, the more and more surprised she grew.

"What remarkable children mine are!" thought she, smiling with a mother's pride; and smiling at herself, too, for being so proud of them. "What other children could have made anything so like a little girl's figure out of snow, at the first trial? Well;—but now I must finish Peony's new frock, for his grandfather is coming to-morrow, and I want the little fellow to look handsome."

So she took up the frock, and was soon as busily at work again with her needle as the two children with their snow-image. But still, as the needle travelled hither and thither through the seams of the dress, the mother made her toil light and happy by listening to the airy voices of Violet and Peony. They kept talking to one another all the time, their tongues being quite as active as their feet and hands. Except at intervals, she could not distinctly hear what was said, but had merely a sweet impression that they were in a most loving mood, and were enjoying themselves highly, and that the business of making the snow-image went prosperously on. Now and then, however, when Violet and Peony happened to raise their voices, the words were as audible as if they had been spoken in the very parlor, where the mother sat. O, how delightfully those words echoed in her heart, even though they meant nothing so very wise or wonderful, after all!

But you must know a mother listens with her heart, much more than with her ears; and thus she is often delighted with the trills of celestial music, when other people can hear nothing of the kind.

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet to her brother, who had gone to another part of the garden, "bring me some of that fresh snow, Peony, from the very furthest corner, where we have not been trampling. I want it to shape our little snow-sister's bosom with. You know that part must be quite pure, just as it came out of the sky!"

"Here it is, Violet!" answered Peony, in his bluff tone,—but a very sweet tone, too,—as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts. "Here is the snow for her little bosom. O, Violet, how beau-ti-ful she begins to look!"

"Yes," said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly; "our snow-sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this."

The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be, if fairies, or, still better, if angel-children were to come from paradise, and play invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow-image, giving it the features of celestial babyhood! Violet and Peony would not be aware of their immortal playmates,—only they would see that the image grew very beautiful while they worked at it, and would think that they themselves had done it all.

"My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did!" said the mother to herself; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

Nevertheless, the idea seized upon her imagination; and, ever and anon, she took a glimpse out of the window, half dreaming that she might see the golden-haired children of paradise sporting with her own golden-haired Violet and bright-cheeked Peony.

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest, but indistinct hum of the two children's voices, as Violet and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit; while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter, too!

"Peony, Peony!" cried Violet; for her brother was again at the other side of the garden. "Bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear-tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to make some ringlets for our snow-sister's head!"

"Here they are, Violet!" answered the little boy. "Take care you do not break them. Well done! Well done! How pretty!"

"Does she not look sweetly?" said Violet, with a very satisfied tone; "and now we must have some little shining bits of ice, to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet. Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, 'Tush! nonsense!—come in out of the cold!' "

"Let us call mamma to look out," said Peony; and then he shouted lustily, "Mamma! mamma!! mamma!!! Look out, and see what a nice 'ittle girl we are making!"

The mother put down her work, for an instant, and looked out of the window. But it so happened that the sun—for this was one of the shortest days of the whole year—had sunken so nearly to the edge of the world, that his setting shine came obliquely into the lady's eyes. So she was dazzled, you must understand, and could not very distinctly observe what was in the garden. Still, however, through all that bright, blinding dazzle

of the sun and the new snow, she beheld a small white figure in the garden, that seemed to have a wonderful deal of human likeness about it. And she saw Violet and Peony,—indeed, she looked more at them than at the image,—she saw the two children still at work; Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet applying it to the figure as scientifically as a sculptor adds clay to his model. Indistinctly as she discerned the snow-child, the mother thought to herself that never before was there a snow-figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

"They do everything better than other children," said she, very complacently. "No wonder they make better snow-images!"

She sat down again to her work, and made as much haste with it as possible; because twilight would soon come, and Peony's frock was not yet finished, and grandfather was expected, by railroad, pretty early in the morning. Faster and faster, therefore, went her flying fingers. The children, likewise, kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened, whenever she could catch a word. She was amused to observe how their little imaginations had got mixed up with what they were doing, and were carried away by it. They seemed positively to think that the snow-child would run about and play with them.

"What a nice playmate she will be for us, all winter long!" said Violet. "I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold! Shan't you love her dearly, Peony?"

"O, yes!" cried Peony. "And I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk!"

"O, no, Peony!" answered Violet, with grave wisdom. "That will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow-sister. Little snow-people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink!"

There was a minute or two of silence; for Peony, whose short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden, Violet cried out, loudly and joyfully,

"Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud! and the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful?"

"Yes; it is beau-ti-ful," answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. "O, Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!"

"O, certainly," said Violet, with tranquillity, as if it were very much a matter of course. "That color, you know, comes from the golden clouds, that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now. But her lips must be made very red,—redder than her cheeks. Perhaps, Peony, it will make them red, if we both kiss them!"

Accordingly, the mother heard two smart little smacks, as if both her children were kissing the snow-image on its frozen mouth. But, as this did not seem to make the lips quite red enough, Violet next proposed that the snow-child should be invited to kiss Peony's scarlet cheek.

"Come, 'ittle snow-sister, kiss me!" cried Peony.

"There! she has kissed you," added Violet, "and now her lips are very red. And she blushed a little, too!"

"Oh, what a cold kiss!" cried Peony.

Just then, there came a breeze of the pure west wind, sweeping through the garden and rattling the parlor windows. It sounded so wintry cold, that the mother was about to tap on the window-pane with her thimbled finger to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her with one voice. The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along.

"Mamma! mamma! We have finished our little snow-sister, and she is running about the garden with us!"—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

(To be continued.)

ADVICE FOR EVERY AMERICAN SOLDIER.

PASSAGES FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY JUDGE E. ROCKWOOD HOAR TO HIS SON, SAMUEL HOAR, WHO HAD JUST STARTED FOR THE CIVIL WAR.

The extracts printed below, from a letter written by an eminent Massachusetts Judge to his soldier son, are now being sent by the United States Government to men newly drafted for the National Army and to volunteers, in the hope that it will serve as an inspiration to them in the struggle against Germany.

CONCORD, MASS., Dec. 15, 1862.

My dear Boy:

I did not have the opportunity I had hoped to talk with you last evening—and, therefore, take this opportunity, when we are sending you your mittens and the envelopes which you forgot, to give you a few last words of affectionate counsel from home.

One of your first duties as a soldier will be to take all the care you can of your health. The firmer that is, the better you will be able to do any service, or undergo any

fatigue, required of you. To preserve your health, you must try to lead as regular and temperate a life as is possible. I hope you will not try to avoid your full share of labor, danger, or exposure, where either is necessary or called for. Take every proper occasion for bathing your whole body—and scrupulously regard your personal cleanliness, no matter how much trouble it may give you. Have nothing to do with spirituous liquors of any kind. Take your food as regularly as you can get it, and neither eat immoderately nor go a long time without food, if you can avoid it. Especially be careful not to eat to excess after long fasting.

I hope you will never disgrace yourself by any profaneness or obscenity, and will avoid all conversation and companions where they are practiced or allowed.

Try to preserve a cheerful and contented spirit and encourage it in others. Bear hardships without grumbling and always try to do more, rather than less, than your duty. You will have occasion to be patient much oftener than to be brave.

The duty of a soldier is unquestioning obedience—but, beyond this, I hope you will cultivate a kind, respectful, and considerate temper toward your officers.

I hope you are going with a love for your country and your cause, and with a determination to be faithful to every duty you have undertaken. My boy, you bear the name of one who, to the end of his honored life, never shrunk from a duty, however painful, nor from a danger to which duty called him. Be sure that you do no discredit to it! Neither by cowardice, by falsehood, by impurity, by levity, nor by selfishness. Remember always your home and your friends—those who will welcome your return with pride and joy if you shall come back in virtue and honor; who will cherish your memory if, faithful and true, you have given up your life; but to whom your disgrace would cause a pang sharper than death. Remember your obligations to duty and to God. And may these thoughts keep you from temptation and encourage and strengthen you in danger or sickness.

And now, my dear boy, I commend you to God—and to the power of His grace. May God bless and keep you. Think of your Heavenly Father in health and in sickness, in joy and in sorrow. Go to Him for strength and guidance. You are very dear to our hearts—and your absence leaves a great place vacant in our home. If it be accorded to His will, may you come back to us in safety and honor—but whatever is before us, may His mercy and love be ever with you and His grace be sufficient for you.

With deep affection,
Your father,
E. R. HOAR.

SAMUEL HOAR, Corporal, 48th Regt., Mass. Volunteers.

A DOG'S SYMPATHY.

During the late ice storm a touching instance of the sagacity and almost human sympathy of a dog for a child in distress came under my observation. A chubby little boy was standing on a slippery hillside, his mittened hands firmly clutching the rope of his sled, which, in spite of all he could do, threatened to drag him down the hill. In vain he struggled to maintain his footing. Every effort to advance either up or down the hill was the cause of a fresh downfall. Finally, with his little face upturned to the sky, he uttered a cry so desolate and pitiful that it called me to my window, and I saw a neighbor's dog rushing to the scene of the uproar. He was a big Irish setter, and I feared his eager leap toward the boy portended farther catastrophes. But when at a respectful distance he stopped, eyed the crying child for a moment, wagged his tail slowly, then, with nose lowered and a melancholy droop of the tail, he advanced, put his paws gently upon the boy, and licked his face. Then he walked around him again and again with a slow movement, as if to inspire him with confidence.

Seeing the abject attitude of the two,—the distress of the dog growing more and more pronounced as the child's cries became more vociferous,—I ordered my servant to go to their assistance. Presently the prime cause of all the crying was brought to light. A tiny fire shovel had slid down the hill! The boy and dog eyed the efforts to secure the lost treasure with silent eagerness. When it was recovered, the dog, who had evidently grasped the meaning of every movement, leaped upon the child, and with the most frantic demonstrations betrayed his joy at the happy ending of his sorrow. He pranced about the boy, running on a little ahead of him, then returning, violently wagging his tail and emitting short barks of delight. He pressed closely to the child's side till he had worked his passage to the top of the hill. Suddenly he came to a standstill, watched the boy trudging out of sight, then turned and contentedly trotted back to his master's house.—*E. F. W., in Congregationalist.*

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION FOR YOUNGSTERS WHO MUST PLAY INDOORS.

A form of amusement originated by the little five-year-old daughter of a reader of THE ALLIANCE has brought many happy hours for three children whenever they must be indoors; and instead of growing old becomes more and more interesting.

It began by their cutting out pictures of people from a fashion plate, and playing with them instead of paper dolls. Narrow strips of cardboard twice the length of the figures were pasted to the backs, even with the bottom, the extra length bent backward from the top, forming a support similar to an easel, so that the figures would stand erect and could be placed in any position.

Not content with these alone, figures of animals of all kinds, poultry, horses, farm buildings, fences, windmill pumps, trees, flowers, and vegetables were added to the collection. From these the children make farms, towns, churches and schools, and their people not only attend to the duties necessary for town and country, but they go to church, to school, to funerals and weddings, to parties and picnics, and do everything that grown-up people do.

The plans the children make for the people and the conversation they carry on are both amusing and interesting to an observer, as well as helpful to the children, as they have, while representing the people in their games, learned to use good language, have cultivated the art of conversation, learned lessons of courtesy and politeness to individuals and of kindness to animals.

DOING LITTLE THINGS WELL.

Young people are apt to be impatient, forgetting that "trifles make up the sum of life," just as, in building, single bricks laid one at a time, one upon another, combine to make the towering and solid wall. Here is a little story which illustrates the importance of little things:—

A young man, having exhausted his patrimony in obtaining a professional education, settled himself in a town already filled with successful lawyers to practise law. One day one of these old lawyers asked him how, under such circumstances, he expected to make a living. "I hope I may get a little practice," was the modest reply. "It will be very little," said the lawyer. "Then I will do that little well," answered the young man, decidedly. He carried out his determination. The little things well done brought larger ones, and in time he became one of the most distinguished jurists in his State. Again, a certain old bishop, who was fond of finding odd characters in out-of-the-way places, was visiting in a quiet neighborhood. One day, in a walk with a friend, he came to a cross-road settlement, with a few houses. Among them was a snug little shoe-shop, kept by an old man.

Interested in the old cobbler, the bishop stopped for a chat.

"My friend," he said, "I would not think so small a business as mending shoes would pay so well."

"Ah," said the gentleman with him, "old Cato has the monopoly of shoe-mending in this region. No one else gets a job."

"How is that, Cato?" asked the bishop.

"Just so," replied Cato. "It is only little patches put on with little stitches or tiny pegs. But, when I take a stitch, it is a stitch, and, when I drive a peg, it holds. Little things well done!"—*Christian Register.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

1. What did they drink?
2. What did she hope she would never become?
3. What grew plentifully for them?
4. What did they grow for their cat?
5. What did they buy for sewing materials?
6. What did they require for dog days?
7. What did they adopt toward each other?
8. What did they require after an accident?
9. What did he endow her with?
10. What did she give his woes?
11. What did she give him when he annoyed her?
12. What did she use in housekeeping?
13. What did he say he was in, after the ceremony?
14. What did they attend?
15. When did he tell his love?
16. Where did he tell his love?
17. What did they promise to believe in?
18. What did she say when they were married?
19. What did he say she would never do?
20. For how long did he marry her?
21. What was the difference in their ages?
22. What rung on their going home?
23. What were some of the groom's presents?
24. What was the color of some of her dresses?
25. What did she wear in her hat?

26. What did she see herself in?
27. What did they put on the floors of their house?
28. What did she keep sewing on?
29. What other presents did he give her?
30. What did she ride on?
31. What did he put on when she was extravagant?
32. What did they call their messenger boy?
33. What did they enjoy after their marriage?
34. What did they give their sons for names?
35. What did they give their daughters for names?
36. What did he say his last daughter was?
37. What did he say to his last son?
38. What did they use?
39. What did he call her?
40. What did they use in rainy weather?
41. Under what tree were they married?
42. What pet did they keep in a cage?
43. What did she say when vexed?
44. What did they fear?
45. What did they use to keep away?
46. What boat did they ride in?
47. What did they use for medicine?
48. What did they never indulge in?
49. What did the sons say they would do when their parents grew old?
50. What did they say when their father told old jokes?
51. What did they say when their father was sly?
52. At what did they laugh?
53. What did they promise to say if they tired of each other?

—*Boston Transcript.*

II.

A DIAMOND.

1. A vowel.
2. A small poisonous serpent of Egypt.
3. A girl's name.
4. To fondle.
5. A consonant.

III.

HEROES AND HEROINES.

In what books do they appear?

1. Sandie Lawson.
2. Jane Eyre.
3. Sir Reginald Front de Boeuf.
4. Amy Robsart.
5. Sir Kenneth.
6. Hermai.

IV.

SOBRIQUETS.

Who were known by the following?

1. Good Queen Bess.
2. King Honest Man.
3. The Terrible.
4. Le Grand Monarque.
5. The Conqueror.

V.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 10, 19, 7, is a young goat.

My 8, 14, 24, is a Japanese coin.

My 13, 16, 17, 4, is a fabric of fine thread.

My 5, 14, 12, 13, 4, is a popular young lady.

My 1, 18, 11, 20, is the front part of the leg below the knee.

My 15, 6, 3, 14, is a large cupola.

My 1, 23, 22, 4, is not different.

My 9, 2, is an adverb.

My 21 is a vowel.

My *whole* is the Australian vernacular for the cause of ill luck.

Answers to puzzles in the September number.

I. A WHEEL: 1. Abbess. 2. Accede. 3. Adhere. 4. Affair. 5. Agency. 6. Algous. 7. Amends. 8. Anchor.

II. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC: Overman.

III. PUZZLES: 33,941 miles; 8, 15, 5, 20.

IV. HALF-SQUARE:

J A P A N
A D I T
P I N
A T
N

Answers to puzzles in the October number.

I. CHANGED INITIALS: 1. Base. 2. Case. 3. Ease. 4. Rase. 5. Vase.

II. WHAT WORD IS THIS: Breakfast.

III. The FLOWER WEDDING: 1. Sweet William. 2. Marguerite. 3. Four-o'clock. 4. Cardinal. 5. Jack-in-the-pulpit and Elderberry. 6. Black-eyed Susan. 7. Primrose. 8. Lily of the Valley. 9. Solomon's Seal. 10. Poppy. 11. Lady's-slippers. 12. Bridal Wreath. 13. Foxgloves. 14. Stock. 15. Aster. 16. Tulips. 17. Violet. 18. Pink. 19. Rose. 20. Cupid's Paint-brush. 21. Youth and Old Age. 22. Quaker Ladies (bluets). 23. Dandelion. 24. Wallflower. 25. Jonquil. 26. Johnny-jump-up. 27. Bouncing Bet. 28. Ragged Robin. 29. Flag. 30. Larkspur. 31. Daisy. 32. Pansy. 33. Hen and Chickens, Butter and Eggs. 34. Candy-tuft, Marshmallows, and Buttercups. 35. Bachelor's-buttons. 36. Marigold. 37. Goldenrod. 38. Forget-me-not. 39. Indian Pipe. 40. Star of Bethlehem, Locust, and Moonflower. 41. Trumpet. 42. Everlasting.

IV. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Transcript.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

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